PRINCE ARTHUR'S NEW ROLE, page 1722.

Modern Life

No. 74. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY

"TRUST — ME."

(The Kaiser intends to arm every dog and cat in the German Empire rather than be beaten.)

Modern Life

No. 74. Week ending October 3. One Penny.

EDITORIAL & GENERAL OFFICES: 20 and 21. Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telegrams: "Eflinredom, Estrand, London." Telephone: City 8798.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT: 20 Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 6s.6d.; six months, 3s.3d.; three months, 1s.8d., post free. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address:

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS: The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

All enquiries with reference to advertising should be addressed to CHARLES POOL & Co., Ltd., 90-94, Fleet Street, E.C.

Telephone: 2210 and 2211 Holborn. Telegrams "Advexero," London.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Prince Arthur's New Rôle.

Military folk are wondering why Prince Arthur has not gone to the war, seeing that his regiment has been doing such fine work at the front. We are able to inform them, and glad, too, of the opportunity, for it would be a thousand pities if any unkind inference were drawn from his Royal Highness's delay in proceeding to the war. Prince Arthur is to-day engaged in a rôle of almost international importance—a rôle compared with which his services at the front would bear no comparison, however gallant they might be. His Royal Highness, in fact, has been turned into the King's unofficial emissary between the War Office and the Throne. Moreover, he is playing a part in the direction of this war, the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate. Between King George and his officers receptions can scarcely take place in these harassing days, and everything the King wants to know he can secure from Prince Arthur, who, when not actually engaged in telling the King all about the formation of Kitchener's million army, is careering about from mess to mess in his motor-car, ascertaining first-hand the precise things the King is anxious to learn.

* * *

The King's Right-hand Man in the War Crisis.

This is a wonderful rôle for the King's smart young cousin, and one which, in the absence of his father, he alone can perform, now that the Queen's brothers are occupied with their regiments. Prince Arthur, too, happens to be extremely familiar with the Japanese representatives in this country, and he has been in Japan twice on special missions. There is not a detail in connection with the mobilisation of the forces in this most trying epoch of our country's history which Prince Arthur of Connaught cannot supply his Majesty within a few hours, and he is doing his whack with yeoman ardour. I hear that when the Canadian forces arrive, Prince Arthur is to be attached to them in an advisory capacity, and will, in a few months, proceed with them to the front.

* * *

A Long and Devastating War Beginning.

At present, notwithstanding all the lives that have been lost, and the appalling devastation by the Germans in Belgium and France, the war has scarcely begun. It is worth while our carefully remembering that fact. At the moment of writing the French have by no means cleared the Germans out of France, but when they have done that, and the Germans at last are firmly entrenched behind their own Rhine fortresses, then blood will begin to flow in rivers, and may continue to flow in rivers for years! I mention this because I have met excellent people who quite sincerely think that because the Germans have retired a few miles from Paris, the war is to all intents "over!" It is incredible, I know, that such an idea could be entertained, but the fact that war has never been seen in this country since the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie renders many people's minds incapable of understanding what war is, and how desperately the frontier peoples of Europe face the horrors that seem to come upon them at least once in every half-century.

* * *

Why the Duchess is Going to the War.

There is more in the Duchess of Westminster's determination to go to the front than meets the eye. It is not generally known that the Duchess of Westminster has long since realised that her own sweet wilfulness was the cause of the unofficial separation between herself and the Duke, and as her Grace gets no sympathy from Queen Mary, who knows the facts better than anybody, the Duchess has made many covert overtures to the Duke to chuck his nomad life, and return to Eaton and herself; but the fact was, the Duke had had a "sickener," and he knows which way happiness lies. Hence his refusal to return, and the action heard *in camera* for the recovery—if the word may be used in not too literal a sense—of his two little daughters. The outbreak of the war saw the Duke the first of our blue-blooded ones in the firing line as aide-de-camp to a Field-Marshal (Sir J. French) who wasn't yet in the field, and all the world knows the stirring deeds the Duke has performed. And he *has* performed them, in spite of his over-modest statement in the Press about all the news stories being unfounded.

* * *

The Duchess Hands Her Two Daughters over to the Duke's Mother.

And the war has proved the Duchess's opportunity, too. If it should ever happen that the Duchess of Westminster finds herself a simple Red Cross nurse binding up the wounds of a simple British soldier who at home is our richest and merriest Duke—well, even Queen Mary might relent, and smile sweetly upon the erring husband, and wife thus romantically re-united—provided, of course, that there *was* a re-uniting in reality, which doesn't necessarily follow. Anyway, the Duchess is making her last bid for the love of her own husband, and I am able to state that she has handed over her two daughters to the Duke's mother, Countess Grosvenor, who has brought them up to Town, what time their sad young mother gets up the rudiments of nursing, preparatory to going off to the war.

* * *

Tragedy of Lady Grosvenor's Soldier Son.

Since I wrote the above the weight of Lady Grosvenor's sorrows has been increased by the news of the death at the front of her only son by the late Right Hon. George Wyndham. Everybody will sorrow with the Countess in the loss of her gallant soldier boy, for he was her favourite child, and was owner of the fine estate of Clouds, near Salisbury, which his father purchased from Mr. Alfred Seymour in 1883. The late Mr. Wyndham at once pulled down the old manor house, and erected a remarkably fine mansion of stone, but the greater part of this edifice was destroyed by fire five years later, the damage being estimated at £80,000. One hundred men are employed in the gardens alone at Clouds.

* * *

Asquiths all placed in Mourning.

Lieutenant Wyndham's death puts a lot of important people into mourning, notably a large section of the Asquithians. For the dead subaltern married last April Lord Ribblesdale's youngest daughter, and that lady's mother was a sister of the Prime Minister's wife. There was a further tie with the Asquiths, for Mrs. Asquith's

brother, Lord Glenconner, married Mr. George Wyndham's sister Pamela; while another sister is now Countess of Wemyss, one of whose daughters is Lady Cynthia Asquith, wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will be interested, too, for he will secure a sum of £30,000 in death duties alone on the late lieutenant's estate.

* * *

A Job for Sir George Patey.

Hail, Australia! Admiral Sir George Patey is in for nichement down under, for sure! He has done well with the seizure of German New Pomerania, for the world loves to see the silly Kaiser's over-sea empire rapidly passing away from him. But there is another interesting piece of business which Sir George Patey can take on, and cover himself and his crew with glory. This is the capture of the German cruiser *Nurnberg*, which has already cut the cable between Bamfield, British Columbia, and Fanning Island, and was last reported in the North Pacific, where the new Australian Fleet has already given such a good account of itself. The *Nurnberg* was completed six years ago, and displaces 3,350 tons, and Sir George Patey is sure by now to be on her track, and as the battle-cruiser *Australia* has an advantage in speed of four or five knots an hour over the *Nurnberg*, to say nothing of eight 12in. guns to the German's 4.1in. pieces, her gallant Admiral has an excellent chance of bringing off a useful capture, or showing the *Nurnberg* what the first of our Colonial navies is worth in a tussle.

* * *

"Toll for the Brave!"

I knew young Lord Hawarden well before he joined the Coldstreams, which was but a couple of years ago. He was a charming lad, with a delicate, fair face, and a youngster who, if Destiny had not placed him in the Army, would have looked a poet, even if he couldn't rhyme. He is the first British peer to fall in the war of 1914, but his death does not bring the famous actor-manager, Mr. Cyril Maude, much nearer to a seat in the Lords, as bearer of the Hawarden viscounty. So the popular comedian may still look forward to the knighthood which is to be conferred upon him in 1918, that is, five years after the knighting of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson; although, of course, if the war keeps on, tremendous changes in the personality of the peerage are sure to take place, and the new Viscount Hawarden is a captain in the West Surrey Regiment, which is certain to have its turn at the Germans ere long. But between Cyril Maude and his family coronet there are at least a score of lives.

* * *

Blight of Centuries upon the Hawarden Maudes.

Lord Hawarden's death so early in the war reminds us that it was the death of another heir to the Hawarden honours in one of our South African wars that made him a peer. The Maudes are a family of tremendous antiquity, upon whom a blight has always existed. The Twentieth Century has seen that "blight" perpetuated over and over again! The family's only lucky member, in fact, is the popular Cyril. The baronetcy which was conferred upon the Maudes in 1705 was augmented in its second bearer by a barony of De Montalt. This peer had no children. His brother was elevated to be Viscount Roscommon. That title didn't last long, either. Since the time of William Rufus, the Maudes have received several patents of peerage, all of which have come to a premature end, except that of Hawarden.

With the close of the last century the then Viscount Hawarden was again elevated to an earldom, as Earl de Montalt. He was a favourite of Queen Victoria's, and provided excellent sport at Dundrum, his seat near Cashel.

"I see Miss Flighty is alone to-day. What has become of her train of admirers?"
"I suppose they found out they were on the wrong track."

"I feel full of a cold. What's good for influenza instead of whiskey?"
"Gad! What a ridiculous question to ask."

The Blight upon the Maudes Grows Worse.

When the old noble had won an honoured superannuation, his surviving son was killed in the Boer War of 1881. Lord de Montalt's other son had died in infancy. The blight upon the Maudes seemed worse than ever. The old Earl died in 1905, and a cousin, Colonel Maude, succeeded him in the older Hawarden viscounty, but died two or three years later, and left the title to the ill-fated young subaltern who was accounted for at Mons. Of the historic estates of the Maudes the late peer got, we believe, not one brick And when old Earl de Montalt died, there was trouble amongst his daughters. It didn't get into the papers, as the family arrived at a settlement to save the family linen from being washed in public. But the Maudes are, perhaps, the most divided noble family in Britain to this day. What happened was, that when the old Earl's daughters (of whom one is the well-known Lady Leucha Warner) had married, and gone out into the world, one of them remained at home, and looked after the Earl until his death.

* * *

A Nasty Taste in the Mouths of the Maudes.

She was Lady Antonia Maude, and when the Earl's will disclosed his generosity to the stay-at-home, her sisters waxed angry, and proceeded to make charges of undue influence against their spinster sister. The same charges were levelled at Lord Colchester, who had married one of the Maudes, and a lot of unkind things were said which have left a nasty taste in the mouths of the Maudes to this day. The result was that Dundrum was put up for auction, also the Glenlough property in Tipperary, and the lawyers fixed up a division of the property regardless of its late owner's will, in order that the public shouldn't know what a lot of human vultures the Maudes were. Cyril Maude, of course, never had a penny from old Lord de Montalt, nor did his successor in the Hawarden viscounty.

The "Haughty 18th" fulfil all expectations.

"Just watch the career of the 18th!" This was hint to readers of *Modern Life* on August 29. Que Mary had been down to Aldershot to inspect her galla regiment of Hussars, and though the Hussars did n themselves know it, they were destined within a fe hours to leave for the front. So I said, "The 18th a filled with joy at the intimation they have received th they are to be 'right in it' when the scrum comes wi the Germans. . . The regiment is ready to maffick wi delight that it may add to its colours the honours be won on the new field of Waterloo!"

* * *

A Story to Thrill the Empire.

Strange to say, before those lines were actually printe the haughty 18th had justified every word that Que Mary had said to her "Own," when she wished the "Good-bye!" It was the 18th who were led into th terrible wire by General de Lisle, and were horrib mauled before they could extricate themselves. From letter received from a cousin who is in the regiment, learn that the 9th Lancers and the 18th Hussars we clean into the trap without a suspicion. It was one the maddest rides in the history of the British Army When its story is told it will thrill the Empire.

* * *

"Not Theirs to Reason Why!"

It was about 7.30 on the morning of August 24th th General Allenby, who commands the cavalry on Sir Jo French's left, got a message from General Fergusso that the latter was hard pressed. General Allenb promptly replied with immediate support to the Fift Division (General Fergusson's). Then it was th General de Lisle seized what he believed to be his gre opportunity for delivering a smashing blow with his fir Cavalry Brigade (the 2nd), and at once Queen Mary'

Own Hussars, the 18th, and the 9th Lancers whirled round in a smashing flank attack on the German army. But no thought of concealed traps crossed their mad minds. And not till their horses were deep in the awful meshes of barbed wire and concealed pits did these two fine regiments discover their mistake. A raking fire simply decimated them, and before the 2nd Cavalry Brigade got back to its lines, it was but the skeleton of what it had been an hour before. And all the time the German guns continued to work round the Brigade, shelling them incessantly for five hours. A pal in the 9th Lancers writes me that he had only had fourteen hours' sleep in the ten days that began with the disaster of the 24th.

* * *

Stripping the Swankpot of Europe of His Colonies.

The dozen heirs to peerages who have gone down in the casuality lists of the present war include the Marquess of Hertford's brother, Lord Henry Seymour, who has had to "get his own living" for years, and has been content to do it quite inconspicuously, but none the less well, with the West African Force in the Cameroons. It must be a real source of delight to Lord Henry that he got his wound in the act of stripping the Swankpot of Europe of his boasted German colonies in Africa. The Cameroons has, it may now be freely admitted, long been a source of annoyance to Britain, though, of course, while the German flag flew in that portion of Africa which lies between British Nigeria and the French Congo, Britannia smiled sweetly, and choked down many an insult.

* * *

King George's First Ultimatum to the Kaiser.

The Cameroons provided Germany with her last serious menace to this country—the Agadir incident of three years ago, and it is perfectly well known now that King George actually framed the ultimatum which was to be sent to the Kaiser, if he did not call off the German cruiser which he had sent there on the pretence of watching German interests (which didn't exist!) in Morocco. Lord Henry Seymour, in assisting his country to clear a serious menace to the world's peace off the coral strand of the African Atlantic, has done a piece of historic work. We wish him a speedy recovery, and we shall see that Germany never gets a bit of territory in *that* quarter any more!

* * *

Lord Camoys Hustles His Mother to the Altar.

The matrimonial humours of the war have relieved the situation of some of its horror in many families, notably that of Stonor, for, in order to get off to the front as early as possible, Lord Camoys had to marry his mother to Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise in a scuttle that must have seriously ruffled the dear Dowager's feathers! The match, which had been whispered about for a long time, had the war for its blessing, for as soon as Lord Camoys received his marching orders, he told his mother that if she didn't hurry up someone else would have to give her away. That did it! That very day the popular Home Office expert got his "life-sentence" from 62, Curzon Street, and within twenty-four hours the engagement was publicly announced, and the ceremony hustled through six days later at the Catholic church in Warwick Street, with nobody present but Lord Camoys to give his fond Ma away, and one or two Stonors as witnesses.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original drawings of illustrations which have appeared in "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

She: "You remind me of Nelson."
The Nut (flattered): "Think so?"
She: "Yes. The last thing Nelson did was to die for his country, and I am sure it would be the last thing you would do."

OUR WAR POEMS.

Never even in the balmiest of springs has there been an eruption of poets as at the present moment. Moreover, while the spring variety is generally of surpassing mildness, the war poet is the most bloodthirsty belligerent mortal it is possible to conceive. Indeed, it is my opinion that many war poems found their way into print because the editor feared their authors might come round to see him if they didn't. And so it has befallen that almost everyone who's not a Special Constable or a Boy Scout is writing war poems—and sometimes getting paid for them, too! Even I—but my innate honesty compels me to admit that my earnings were more in the nature of hush money.

The other evening I called round to see my friend Williams. To my amazement, on being shown into his presence, I discovered him seated at a table scribbling furiously. In various postures in different parts of the room were grouped his by no means insignificant family, and all were engaged in the same task—that of committing their thoughts to paper.

However, I said: "Good eve——"

"S-s-h!" said Williams, scowling at me ferociously.

I remained silent for two minutes; then I spoke.

"Is this another effect of the war? Are you all addressing envelopes at a shilling a thousand to retrieve the family fortunes?"

"Don't be an ass! We're writing war poems."

"You're —— Good heavens! Tommy, too?," (Tommy is aged twelve.)

"Yes, Tommy, too. You see, it's like this, old man. Just now, if ever, inspiration will be granted us, so——"

And they all went at it again. Never in my life have I witnessed such an outbreak of cacoethes scribendi.

In a short time Williams looked up. "Now you *are* here," he said ungraciously, "we'll read you our poems."

I thought this too severe a punishment for my instrusion, but dared not say so.

"Tommy, read your poem written to the Kaiser."

I have observed that the most popular war poems are those addressed to the Kaiser, whom it surely ought to gratify to consider that the verse written to him already exceeds, both in volume and passion, that addressed to Miss Gaby Deslys, of whom you may have heard. The public, however, are tired of reading the same old epithets time and time again. He's been called the electro-plated Hun, the wrong Hun, the bad Hun, *ad nauseam*; and up North they call him "the Geyser" in perfectly good faith more often than not. I expect it's because he spouts so. Therefore, we want now a phrase which, while dignified and restrained, expresses exactly what we think of Wilhelm II., at present Emperor of Germany, and I believe there's a fortune for the man who invents such a phrase which will pass the Censor with flying colours. But I am merely delaying the evil hour; this is Tommy's "To the Kaiser" poem:—

"Oh, William, you blighter,
You King of the Huns,
When once we have caught you,
We'll feed you on buns;
We'll charge for admission:
With bad eggs we'll spoil
Your elegant features,
Then boil you in oil."

It took a good stiff drink to pull me round. Then I discovered that another of Williams' offsprings, who ought to have been preparing his *Colloquia Latina*, was declaiming more verse at me. He's really a nice boy in his saner moments.

"The dogs of war are loosed."

"Good!"

"The dove of peace lies dead,—
With Kaiser William's tyranny
We British are up-fed."

"Up-what?" I gasped.

"Up-fed. You know. Fed up. I had to get it to rhyme, somehow."

"Oh, heavens," I murmured, stupefied. "What *would* the Poet Laureate say?"

Before Williams tertius could continue:

"Have you got yours finished, Alice?" asked her father. Alice is very young. I do not know her exact age, but she hasn't learned to flirt yet. Alice is very young. And Alice lisped demurely:

"The people in this land of ours,
Are in an awful stew, ——"

"Alice!"

"No; that's wrong. . . .
The people in this land of ours,
Are just now in a rage,
Because of what has happened——
See another page.
(It's for a newspaper," she explained.)
"Shall I tell you all about it?——"

"No, I wouldn't trouble," I said gravely.

Little Alice giggled, blushed, then retired in confusion.

"I call that a shame," said her mother. "I've a good mind to read mine for spite."

"Are you writing them, too?" I asked bitterly. Mrs. Williams brews the decentest coffee of anyone I know, and here she was prostituting her talent to the chimerical hope of an evanescent fame. (Got it?) It began to look as though I weren't going to get any coffee at all that night.

"Blustering, the Prussian bully,
Cried to Britain, 'Stand aside,
Or I'll pulverise you fully'——"

"I'm going home," I said sadly, reaching for my hat. "If that's poetry, I'm an arrant Philistine."

"Well, I admit I didn't like the word myself," said Mrs. Williams. "I'll alter it."

"Yes,"—from Williams—"just a minute, old man. You haven't heard mine. As a matter of fact, I haven't quite finished my *chef d'oeuvre*, but I've some ripping original phrases. For instance: fields of blood; deep red gore; devils of hell; inhuman vampire; wallowing——"

"Yes, I know," said I. I was impatient. It was certain now that I wasn't going to get my coffee.

"I've got the first verse of another poem finished, though. I believe songs like this to our sailors are simply grabbed at by editors. Really, it's awfully like Rudyard Kipling, isn't it?"

'Ats off to Jackie boy,
'E's one of the best;
Three cheers for Jackie boy,
'E'll do the rest:
Though 'e's only a tar to look at—only a simple tar.
When 'is decks are cleared for action 'e's a terror near and far.
And 'e don't know that 'e is it,
But 'e are!"

"God bless you," I muttered brokenly, opening the door. "Good-bye."

"Good-night. Oh, by the way, old man, do you know of any paper we could sell these poems to?"

"None. I don't know of any paper that would print— . . . . Unless . . . Yes, send them to *The Times*," I said, as I passed forth into the night.

Eric de Banzie.

Dead men's shoes sometimes pinch.

* * *

People who have no curiosity are either very dull or they have already found out.

* * *

One fashion-plate will arrest a woman's attention more surely than a whole dinner service.

* * *

Never ask a woman for anything. Either take it without asking, or pretend you don't want it at all.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether Sir Edward Grey will accept ennoblement at last as the result of securing the Anglo-Franco-Russian Treaty?

* * *

Who is the lady who immediately went off to Dieppe on hearing of the illness of Lord John Hamilton, who was wounded? Was she an emissary of Queen Mary, or merely a personal friend of the popular Equerry?

* * *

Whether the Prince of Wales will ever have a chance of seeing any fighting if they take such care of him?

* * *

And if it would not have been more tactful to have sent him to France in any case, and waited till he had learnt his training on the field, though not in the firing line, rather than have published the story about Kitchener intervening to prevent His Royal Highness proceeding to the front?

* * *

Is it not the fact that the Pragger-Wagger is mightily angry with Lord Kitchener?

* * *

Whether Princess Christian's only son, who is fighting for the Kaiser, receives anything from the British Crown as a potential heir to the throne of England?

* * *

Whether Lord Lonsdale is not very annoyed that they will not allow him to proceed to the front? And if his merry Lordship is not a little too domineering for our gallant generals?

* * *

Why General de Wet, who so nearly captured Lord Kitchener in the South African war, was not sent to put salt on the tail of the German Crown Prince?

* * *

How many more Duchesses are to be allowed to go to France? And whether Lord Kitchener's South African objection to the "Plague of Women" is to operate in Europe as well?

* * *

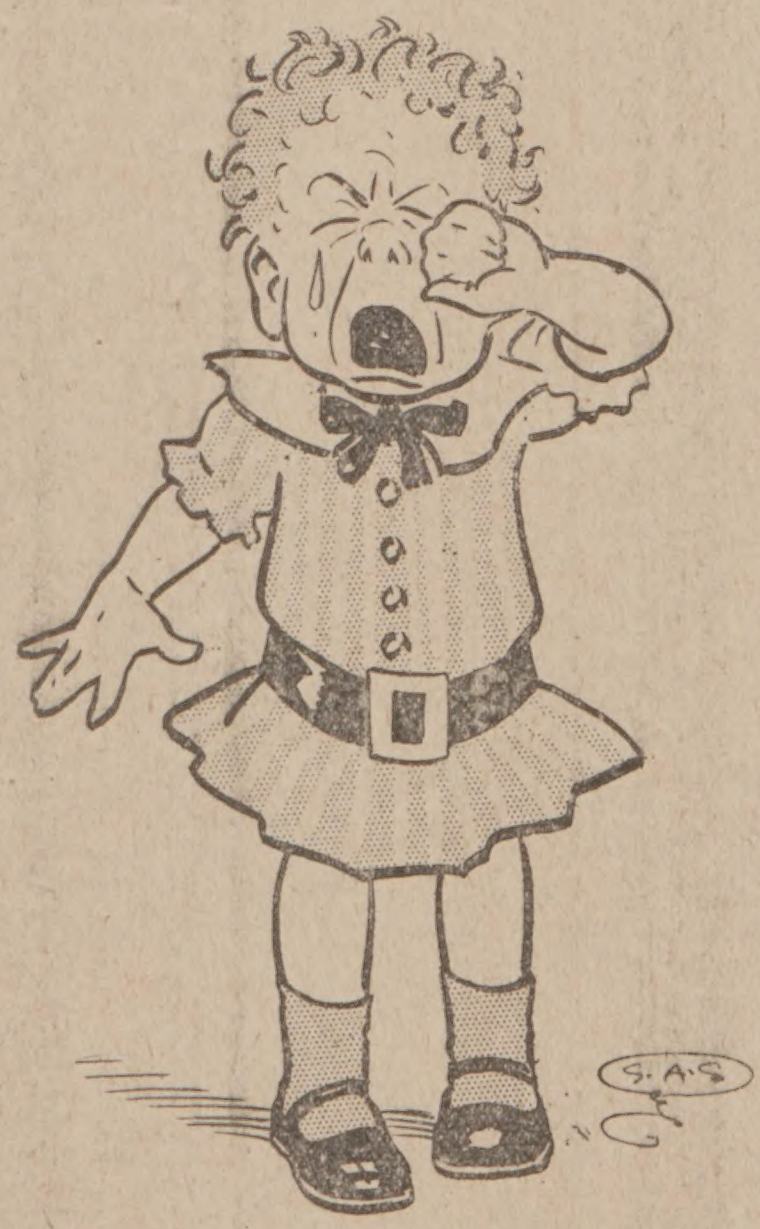
How long it will be before Bavaria finally chucks up its defiance (under the Kaiser) of the sentiment of the whole world?

* * *

When the contemplated British Expeditionary Force in Belgium will arrive in Ostend to sweep the Germans from Belgium, and whether this operation is not to be entrusted to General Sir James Willcocks?

* * *

If some of the older recruits for K. of K.'s new army have been slightly tickled by sly official queries as to whether they are not younger than they think they are?



THE PATRIOT.

"Boo—oo. Brother Willie has got the German measles, and it's catching!"

Whether Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale has yet gone to the war?

* * *

Whether "Tay Pay's" reception of Cardinal Mercier wasn't the best stroke Mr. O'Connor has ever done, either for Ireland or himself?

* * *

If it wasn't ingenious of the management of an Austrian-made musical comedy to announce certain War Fund performances?

* * *

If John Redmond's figures as to the relative enlistments of Irishmen and Englishmen in the past are not, to say the least, startling?

* * *

Were the sporting and other newspapers quite entirely disinterested in their impassioned appeal to the Jockey Club not to cancel racing fixtures?

* * *

Won't the capture and destruction of the Krupp works at Essen be a "big bag" for the Allies presently?

* * *

If the author of "The Impossible Woman" had a celebrated public singer in mind when he planned the central character of his play?

* * *

If the *Daily Telegraph's* admirable series of "war books" is primarily intended to provide work for the *D.T.* literary staff?

* * *

Who was the titled lady who nearly struck the officer at Folkestone who refused to allow her to board the steamer for Boulogne? And whether she said it was her brother or her husband who was dying?

* * *

Whether Lord Mountmorres has yet been offered a job at the front by Lord Northcliffe of the *Daily Mail*? Or has his Lordship this time gone off as a chaplain to the forces?

* * *

Is not the "War" on German patents degenerating into a farce owing to the action of the officials of the Patent Office?

* * *

Have not some spies "caught in the act" mysteriously disappeared—after going for a walk with British soldiers?

* * *

Are not some of the music-hall "jokes" about the war in extremely bad taste?

* * *

What truth is there in the rumour that John Burns is going to accept the leadership of the Labour Party?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Theatrical Query. Why "Seven Keys to Baldpate?" There can be no locks.

* * *

Blackmail is the only kind of mail we associate with the Kaiser's fist nowadays.

* * *

The Berlin lies, although they owe their origin to a Wolff, are decidedly bear-faced.

* * *

The Kaiser can keep his mailed fist, but there is strong objection to his retaining a gartered leg.

* * *

"German Army's right wing cut off," we read. And naturally enough its Kluck was subdued.

* * *

Blankets for our warriors are asked for. Dry ones only. There are enough and to spare of wet blankets.

* * *

A Russian army chaplain is said to have accounted for 26 Austrians. He must have been a canon.

* * *

Italy has refused to allow the Kaiser to make a cat's paw of her navy. He has only succeeded in getting her back up.

* * *

Australian wine exporters are to make war on German hocks. And thus emulate the feats of our Army in recent engagements.

* * *

A deaf man, failing to hear the challenge of a sentry, was shot. With the Germans, a dum-dum bullet would have fitted the crime.

* * *

Mr. H. G. Wells thinks it is in the air that this great world battle will be decided. Leaving Germany permanently enveloped in a cloud, we hope.

* * *

Now that the public-houses are closing early, Mr. Carnegie will no doubt be pointing out how his friend Wilhelm is helping on the cause of temperance.

* * *

A New York paper declares that out of this war must come more than a paper peace. Of course. We all know the German respect for a piece of paper.

* * *

Shall we say "German Emperor" or "Emperor of Germany"? asks the *D.C.* The question is hardly worth considering. Soon there will be no necessity to say either.

* * *

A war correspondent states that he saw in the German lines a huge stack of square loaves. But the German soldier does not like the Kaiser's idea of a square meal.

* * *

The news that the Russians forbade Germans in Insterburg to keep beer in their houses has brought home, more than anything, the horrors of invasion to the British working man.

* * *

"England! that haven of refuge, where the dread sound of war's artillery is unheard," remarked a picturesque writer the other day. But we hear quite a lot of the recruiting boom nevertheless.

* * *

According to a Manchester paper, the only persons present at the ceremony of marriage between Sir E. Carson and Miss Ruby Frewen were the parents, the brother and sister of the bride, the Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. Bonar Law, Mrs. Hall Walker, and Mrs. Chesterman. One would have thought that the bride and bridegroom would be hanging around somewhere.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN.

He was a huge young man, muscular, and of handsome features. Lighting a cigarette, he lazily stretched his long legs on the seat, and lay back at his ease. It was then that little Belinda Perkins, known to her intimates as Nosey Perkins, who was taking her morning constitutional in the Park, chanced that way.

Now Belinda, in the piping days of peace, finds an outlet for her surplus energy in pursuing Cabinet Ministers, but, since the crisis, she has extended the field of her operations. Woe to the unfortunate youth, not sporting the King's uniform, who crosses Belinda's path. There is no escape. Snubs, jeers, or lofty contempt avail him not.

Belinda's eyes flashed behind her glasses, and her little ferrety face flamed with anger, as she noted the indolent pose of the young giant on the seat. No time was wasted in unnecessary skirmishing.

"Young man," she said, "are you not ashamed of yourself?"

The youth started, and quickly removed his feet from the seat. "Sorry," he replied; "didn't know you wished to sit down here."

"Oh, I don't mean that."

Puzzled, he looked curiously at his questioner.

"I wonder you have the courage to look anyone in the face," she remarked.

"Haven't you made a mistake, Miss?"

"No, it's you who have made a mistake, young man. A great, strong man like you, and not fighting for your country—for shame, sir!"

He flushed. "Oh, that is the idea, is it?" he replied. "I suppose you are one of those white feather heroines? Well, I don't know what business it is of yours, but I have a very good reason for not enlisting."

But Belinda was not to be shaken off like that. "You are sound?" she persisted.

"As a bell."

"Married?"

"Guilty."

"Children?"

"Three, your worship."

"Now, listen to me, young fellow. You enlist, and I will do your work and hand your wages to your wife."

He laughed quietly. "Quite impossible," he replied.

"And why, may I ask?"

"Well, you see—er—"

"That's right! Any excuse! Is it skilled work?"

"Well, no; I suppose not."

"Does it entail heavy manual labour?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I can do it."

"You can't."

"Why not?" And Belinda stamped her foot angrily.

The young man laughed aloud. "Well, you know," he said, "I happen to be a sculptor's model, and just now I'm completing a series of sittings as Goliath, so how the dickens can you possibly— What! Must you really go? I say, Miss—er—" But Belinda had fled.

Her victim lit another cigarette and took an official-looking envelope from his pocket. "Too bad to pull her leg like that!" he laughed. "Now I wonder when these War Office Johnnies will let me have my marching orders."

FRANK MERCHANT.

Von Kluck's army was almost sandwiched by the Allies at Ham.

* * *

It must be admitted that the statements of the Berlin Press Bureau can always be re-lied on.

* * *

We expect that the next great political controversy will be on the subject of Home Rule for Germany.

* * *

Postal communication with Germany is completely disorganised. That mailed fist seems to have got lost on the way.

The Kaiser: "Hail, brother!"
Shade of Attila: "Nay, *I* spared the innocent."

Our men say that the Germans' shooting is very inaccurate. Their aim was to reach Paris, and they missed that.

* * *

Many Leicester factories are working overtime on Government contracts, producing yarns. The Berlin Press Bureau is doing likewise.

* * *

"The Line of Battle in Champagne."—*The Times*. We prefer the more economical method of working out the positions of the armies with soup on the table-cloth.

* * *

Miss Ellen Terry says that Arthur Bourchier with a beard looks like Bernard Shaw with a swelled head. It would have been sufficient to say that he resembles Bernard Shaw.

The Germans mean to emphasise their contempt for scraps of paper. They have just destroyed Rheims.

* * *

A naval article in the *Daily Chronicle* is headed: "Pacific Activities." The calm before the storm.

* * *

Another popular fallacy has been exploded. Contrary to all expectations, this war has proved the Germans to be of a very retiring disposition.

* * *

From the "Evening News":—"Churchill's *ear* is claret-coloured, with the Call to Arms pasted on the back—you can't miss it." Remarkable man, Mr. Churchill; and so modest about it, too.

* * *

It is believed that the name of Huns, as applied to the Germans, originated with the Poetry Society for the convenience of members who were at a loss for a word to rhyme with "guns" and "runs."

BY THE WAY.

The reproduction in the *Manchester Guardian* of an imaginative "stop press" news item culled from a Canary Islands newspaper, and emanating from Madrid, reminds me of a very similar episode during the South African war. *El Periodico Lagunero* (which, I take it, hails from Laguna, the little seminary hill-town which used to be the terminus of the picturesque tramway starting from Santa Cruz, the port of the island of Tenerife) on Sunday August 30 had the following paragraph under the heading "England Begs for Peace": "Late telegrams received here (*i.e.*, Madrid) say that England has begged the Kaiser to make peace. It is asserted that the Kaiser has replied that the present is the hour of war. Colossal Sensation."

* * *

A tenderness of the lungs had driven me to winter in the perfect climate of Tenerife during the latter part of the South African war. The English community there fortunately included many highly-placed personages, including an A.D.C. of the late King Edward, who had arranged to be kept supplied with war news by cable from home. Thus it was with little but amusement that we read a "news" paragraph in a worthy predecessor of *El Periodico Lagunero* with the lurid head-lines: "Disaster to the British. Capture of Lord Kitchener and all his staff. Great Britain suing for peace." The Canarios believed it, of course, as they doubtless believed the telegram of a month ago, but I fancy any Britishers who happen to be at Tenerife (it is a bit early yet) will be as unconvinced as we were a dozen years ago.

* * *

Editors of newspapers just now are being deluged with letters from doubtless well-meaning and undoubtedly self-advertising people who are hankering for peace at any price. I have seen a good many letters in this strain, but whether they come from Germanophiles or from convinced advocates of peace, I fancy they are all meeting their proper fate—the waste-paper basket. But there is an ingenuous appeal about the screeds emanating from a person who describes herself as Swiss, though she is apparently married to a Turk, that is worthy of record. The letter accompanying the one meant for publication, which is the unsought opinion upon the war of an "international" society of high-sounding title (somehow societies of busybodies that nobody has ever heard of before are always international), states that if the letter is given publicity some hundreds of copies of the journal will probably be purchased, "of course, at special rates," and that the publication will thus be a splendid thing for the journal, as well as for the great cause of peace. Curiously enough I haven't seen the epistle in print anywhere, which seems to prove that our editors cannot be tempted even with a colossal bribe.

* * *

She was a dainty flapper, who, despite parental protests, determined to go to the front as nurse to our wounded. In order to qualify for the position, she attended St. John Ambulance meetings, and at one of them, arriving early, she passed away the time sewing a button on her glove. By some mischance she pricked her finger, and at the sight of the first drop of blood—she fainted.

* * *

A characteristic story is being told about one of our leading music-hall comedians, who is not exactly renowned for his generosity. He lives out Brixton way, and his dresser also abides in that salubrious suburb. Our artist, for cheapness, usually comes into town by tram, taking a return ticket, but one evening a rehearsal promised to keep him late, and the probable loss of the use of his return half vexed his economical spirit. Calling his dresser, he enquired, "Are you going home by tram to-night?" "Yes, Mr. X." "Then here's a ticket for you." Before the dresser had time to recover from his surprise at this unexampled generosity, the comedian continued: "You will pay me 1½d., and then you will save a halfpenny, for the journey would cost you 2d. if you haven't a ticket!"

* * *

An amusing situation has arisen in connection with the field hospital which has been organised by the Duchess of Westminster. While his Grace has been distinguishing himself on the field of battle, the Duchess at Giffard House, Roehampton, has been extremely busily engaged in attending to the thousand and one details that arise when you are going to provide hospital accommodation for two or three hundred men. She spent an enormous amount of money on her scheme, and finally, after six weeks' hard work, all was ready, and the War Office gratefully accepted the humane gift. Unfortunately, however, her Grace is not a trained nurse, and Army Regulations prevent "amateurs" from going to the front. A solution of the problem has now, I believe, been found. The Hospital is to start for the front *without* the Duchess, who will go over to the Continent by herself and join her staff on the other side of the water.

* * *

Now that war is a reality no one is taking more pains to bring it to a successful conclusion than is King George. He has had set apart in Buckingham Palace a special suite of "War Rooms," within whose closely-guarded portals are kept a vast array of dispatches and maps. The King is a close student of military tactics

The Riding Master: "For goodness' sake dismount and see what a fool you look on horseback!"

and has a rock-bottom, practical knowledge of the Navy. He is kept informed of every new phase of the situation, which he discusses in long conversations with distinguished members of the Services, who are invited to the Palace. There are in addition frequent audiences with Cabinet Ministers, during which our Monarch does not only play the part of a listener. On the contrary, he has frequently interposed with extremely useful suggestions which ten minutes later have been flashed round the world from the great wireless aerials mounted on the roof of the Admiralty near by.

* * *

It has now become evident that the German Embassy, occupying a house in Carlton House Terrace—where only those approved by the King are allowed to reside—was little more than a spy bureau, always ready to put traitorous Englishmen in touch with "the proper quarter." That Embassy had many secrets—and probably almost of them left London long before war broke out. Once, when I called to see a high official at the Embassy, I was ushered into a little room and asked to wait. After a while I began to get impatient, so I rang the bell. There was no answer, and I determined to walk out in disgust. I tried the handle of the door—*it was locked*! Soon afterwards a smiling and urbane diplomat entered the room; and both of us carefully avoided the subject of the locked door. But it opened my eyes.

* * *

The Kaiser is as vain as he is conceited, and whenever he has visited this country he has brought with him an enormous amount of clothes. His military uniforms are said to have cost £100,000, and a small army of valets are required to keep the precious decorations that they bear in good order. But he has not the slightest idea of how to dress in civilian clothes. The last time I saw him in mufti he was wearing, if my memory serves, a soft hat, enormous white tie, brown boots—*and frock coat*. *Very* suburban!

* * *

The latest story of Sir Herbert Tree is, I think, as funny as any of the many told about him, and it has an advantage that a considerable number of the others lack: it is perfectly true. A recent dress rehearsal at His Majesty's Theatre was prolonged till the small hours of the morning. The company grew exceedingly weary, particularly a young gentleman who had been with Sir Herbert in several productions, but who had never played anything more important than a very minor part. When the time came to rehearse his few lines, he was so tired that his voice was anything but distinct. "What's the matter, Mr. X——?" asked Sir Herbert in his most sarcastic tones. "Are you saving your voice for the performance?" "No, Sir Herbert," was the reply, "I've never been able to save anything under your management!" The popular actor-knight, one of the wittiest of men himself, was so pleased with the retort that the salary of the small-part man was raised.

* * *

It is satisfactory to find, from the huge *Daily Telegraph* map which is hung up in the great Pillar Hall in the offices of the British middle-class institution named, that London, Harwich, Dover and Portsmouth are still British cities. Their position on the map, among the many miniature war flags, is specially denoted by the Union Jack. It is curious that the *Daily Telegraph* war experts should think it necessary to call attention to the fact that these four places are still under the British flag. Can it be thought necessary to reassure the British public in this manner; or had the office boy got four miniature flags left over?

* * *

A pathetic interest attaches to the death of Lieutenant Richard Thomas Gates, who was killed at Hendon while carrying out some night manœuvres a few days ago, leaving a widow and two children, one of whom was only born two months ago. A personal friend who knew him intimately tells me that Gates—who it may be remembered met with an accident when flying at night-time a few years ago—was strongly averse from aviation in the dark, owing to the greater danger in ascent and descent in those conditions. A pluckier man never lived, and on the outbreak of the present crisis he immediately volunteered for service, and was gazetted a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service. The first operation he had to carry out in that capacity necessitated a night ascent, to test the possibility of repelling an attack by a foreign dirigible by aeroplanes—with the fatal result that is known. It throws his gallantry into stronger relief.

"They say it takes more than a million years for the light from that star to reach the earth."
"Oh, piffle! Why, it hasn't been dark more'n half an hour."

* * *

Chiswick admirers of our artist "G.A.S.," whose drawings on our front cover and elsewhere are so much appreciated, will be interested to know that he is billed to appear as a "lightning cartoonist" at a concert to be given by the Baroness Fabeck, at the Chiswick Town Hall, on September 29th, in aid of the Prince of Wales's Fund. To the quality of the "cartoonist" part you can all bear witness, and as to the "lightning" my Editor tells me that he is surprised every week by the lightning speed at which "G.A.S." turns out his work when, stimulated by the editorial thunder, he has at last made up his mind to begin—usually after the journal has gone to press. So it ought to be a good "turn."

THE LOITERER.

Just because the doctor prescribes more exercise is no excuse for becoming a chronic kicker.

MORE OR LESS.

Strange Woman.

"I'm beginning to think," an acquaintance of mine remarked quite seriously to me the other day, "that there is something wrong about that girl." "Miss Blank?" I asked, staring in astonishment at the very pretty girl in the corner of the room. "Why, she's charming." "That's what you all say," commented my acquaintance gloomily, "and that's what makes me think there must be something wrong." I suppose it is strange, when you come to think of it, that any women should praise another without an ulterior motive, and every man is accustomed to hear one feminine thing run everything else in skirts down. He makes allowances for it accordingly. The more you tell him a woman rouges or flirts or is well on the way to fifty, the less likely he is to believe it. It is only when you praise your rival that he begins to scent danger. If my acquaintance once had serious designs upon Miss Blank, I am convinced he will never propose to her now. It isn't good for a woman, you see, to be well spoken of by another unless she is past the dangerous age and dabbles in safety flannel instead of safety matches.

* * *

Bar all the Nuts.

A minor grievance of to-day seems to be the scarcity of letters. The postman's rat-tat is not so familiar as it used to be. It can't be because all the postmen have gone to be soldiers. Perhaps it is because nobody has time to write, or, if they have the time, the inclination. Tradesmen are lying low, their brows bowed down by the dread word "moratorium"; the business-man is either holiday-making or in the workhouse; and the girls can't very well write love-letters when all the men worth writing to are somewhere at the front. I hope not one of is so foolish as to have anything to do with the stay-at-homes. I have never met a nut myself, but I have always understood he was a kind of antidote to a p dog; somebody who took you out and whom you took generally; a being of radiant underclothes, who modestly claimed to be the hero of a thousand tangoes. If there are any about now, I hope somebody will take them out and drown them. For some incomprehensible reason they won't let women fight—in the field, that is to say. At home the woman militant, like the poor, is always with us. Therefore, if only in self-preservation, the least thing we ought to do is to make somebody else go and fight for us.

* * *

Red Hair and Virtue.

There seems to be an extraordinary number of red-haired women about the streets just now, fiery locks self-rivalling the Virginia creeper flaming on every self-respecting suburban house. Gone is the blonde of yesteryear. In her stead has risen the virgin with ruddy hair drawn up above her temples *à la* Queen Elizabeth. "The worst thing about red-haired women," a male person grumbled in my hearing the other day, "is that they are so terribly faithful." "You needn't worry," the cynic retorted, "they seldom are—" He finished his drink as he caught my disapproving eye, so as not to finish his sentence, but I know the remark applied to the hair and not to the virtue. I suppose, as a matter of fact, a good deal of the red hair one sees about does come out of a bottle; but, even if it does, what matter? The more artificial a woman is, the more a man likes her. The more she worries the life out of him, the more he respects her. I often think the simpering damsel of the Victorian era must have driven our great-grandfathers mad. No wonder they took to port and preferred to go to bed under the table. Blushing virtue must be deadly dull to live with, especially when it clings, and the modern woman blushes only about her hair, and she certainly doesn't cling. It is only her frocks that do that.

* * *

Fiction and Fact.

Have you, I wonder, ever discovered the fallacy of many a supposedly established fact. Which one of you, I wonder, has ever really experienced the joy of a "cosy fire burning brightly upon the hearth"? That fire is the perquisite of every castle and cottage in fiction. In fiction the heroine, whether her drawing-room is full of costly blooms or graced only by a geranium on the sill, always has that cosy fire; but, in fact, I ask you have you ever met it? Either the chimney doesn't smoke, the coal won't burn, or there is a gas-stove or something. Have any of you ever met the affectionate husband who, according to a novel I read the other day, "showered kisses upon his wife's neck till in self-defence she had to twist it from his grasp." Most of the husbands I have met preferred a cigar or a quiet rubber after dinner to violent exertion of this kind. Have any of your ever met in real life a Charles Garry hero, dark as night, laying an earl's coronet at a gypsy maid's feet. Most of the lovers I have come across seemed to think a box of chocolates an adequate gift. I have even heard it rumoured that damsels of the area pay their young men to walk out with them. Who wouldn't live in a six-shilling novel, with fires and lovers and things all burning brightly.

Louise Heilgers

The Girl: "Do you believe in marrying for money, Major?"
The Major: "Yes. But so do all the girls, worse luck!"

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a fishing trip always invigorates the imagination.

AL FRESCO.

After a few preliminary misfires and false alarms, the pistol at last cracked for the start of a race on the Kidderleigh cycle track. Well up, as the sporting papers say, rode Jerry Armitage, going hell-for-leather on a little green-enamelled jewel of a bike. Round the bend careered the two leaders. Jerry essayed to do likewise, but, owing to some good work put in with a spanner that morning by his younger brother, the bend would not be gibsonised. He gave the necessary twist to the handle-bars, and flung his weight about with the abandon of the finished cyclist about to make a sharp turn, but the machine kept straight on. Reaching the top of the bank, it plunged downwards until brought up short by the low wall which surrounded the enclosure.

Now, although the bicycle perforce stopped, there was no physical reason why Jerry should do so. He therefore soared in a graceful parabola curve over the wall, experiencing all the poignant emotions of a falling stone as he did so. By all the rules of chance, the next moment should have seen him neatly folded up in the road, addressed post-paid to the mortuary. Instead of that, he had a lightning bird's-eye view of a shape like an upholstered sardine-tin gliding beneath him, and in an instant he was lying on his back in the tonneau of a No. 10 Snorthard motor-car. In the driver's seat was a girl—a girl of some twenty summers and a spring.

Jerry Armitage took a minute to realise that he was not the subject of another Suffragette kidnapping outrage, and no time at all to find that he was in the grip of Romance. It is perhaps a little difficult to play a great part in a romantic adventure when attired in the scanty garb of the cycle racing track, but it was never Jerry's custom to cavil at accessories. He was content to lie on the back seat and let the world roll by. A half-inch cut on the back of the head—a token of affection from a projecting corner of woodwork—troubled him not at all.

The car glided through the slumbering lanes for perhaps ten minutes longer. Then the engine unaccountably stopped.

"This is where we stop for explanations," thought Jerry, as the car slowed down. The girl at the wheel guided it to the side of the road, and brought it to a standstill. Then she stepped down, made a half-turn, and caught sight of Jerry, asprawl on the cushions. She gave utterance to the little cry which it is the duty of every well-brought-up girl to emit in the moment of alarm. When you come to consider it, it is not every day that you unexpectedly find a man in a costume generally associated with cycle racing spreadeagled on the cushions of your car. That cry of alarm may perhaps be excused.

"What are you doing in my car?" demanded the girl.

"Nothing, er—Miss," said Jerry, and went on doing it with the skill engendered by long practice.

"But how did you get there?" she persisted.

He explained tersely and graphically that he had begun the afternoon as a competitor in a cycle race, but Providence had taken a hand in the game, and compelled him to exchange the soft delights of cycling for the deeper joys of motoring.

"If it hadn't been for those cushions," he concluded solemnly, "I should by now have been playing the name part in that famous three-act tragedy, 'The Wanderer Through the Shades.' As it is, I have got off cheaply with a lick across the head."

The girl considered him calmly, with the air of a shop-walker looking over some damaged stock.

"You had better bathe that cut," she said, and disappeared, returning a few minutes later with a petrol-can full of water.

During the operations which followed, Jerry Armitage had ample opportunity to discover the fact that a really nice girl is at her best as a ministering angel. As she tied a strip of ribbon round his classic brow, he murmured words to that effect.

"What were you saying?" she asked sharply.

"I said it feels better now," he replied glibly.

She gave him a quick glance; then she asked: "Do you know anything about motors, Mr. —?"

"Armitage is my name. I am afraid that what I don't know about motor-cars would equip several first-class chauffeurs in the race of life. But I do know a little about them."

"Then perhaps you could find out what has gone wrong with the engine."

"I expect it has a bee in its bonnet," he said flippantly, as he got out of the tonneau.

A moment's examination sufficed. He turned towards her and announced, "I have found the root of all the evil."

"And can you mend it?" she enquired eagerly.

"There is nothing to mend. It simply happens that the source of power has dried up. The petrol has petered out, and the tank is empty."

"What are we to do? We must be miles from anywhere," she said, gazing at the leafy wilderness which surrounded them.

Mr. Armitage diffidently proposed the performance of the social rite of tea. "There is no need to wear the willow on account of a slump in oil," he said. "We may as well have something to eat, just to keep body and soul together. I know a little place not ten minutes' walk from here where they give you a ripping spread in the garden. They don't sell petrol there," he added hastily.

"You must be hungry to propose going to a—a tea-garden in that costume; you must be as empty as the petrol tank," she said, looking at his head. Then, relenting a little: "I think there is a tea basket in the car. I was going for rather a long drive, and decided to take some of the barest necessities with me."

Jerry wondered why the barest necessities had not included an adequate supply of petrol. But he knew better than to say so.

It is my painful duty at this juncture to make an exposure of the deceptions practised on one another by Jerry Armitage and his fair rescuer. None knew better than Jerry himself that only a few hundred yards away on the main road was a motor garage where petrol could be obtained in gallons and gallons. But just at present he did not intend to make use of that knowledge. The girl, likewise, was fully aware that the barest necessities *had* included a tin of motor spirit, which at that moment reposed in a locker under a seat. Why she did not immediately unearth it and replenish the tank, I cannot say: it was possibly because she did not judge the time to be quite ripe.

"These are the delights of the simple life," observed Jerry, some ten minutes later, as he sipped a cup of tea with the languor of your true infusionist.

"You are fond of simplicity?" she enquired artlessly.

"I dote on it," he replied.

"Then perhaps you will perform the simple task of turning out the spirit lamp."

With matchless skill he accomplished the titanic task, and returned to his seat.

Into the scene at this moment there rolled a long, low, raking, Etcetera motor-car, manned fore and aft by young and piratical army officers. They drew up alongside the recumbent form of the other car. One of them descended and walked towards Jerry and his companion. "Is that a motor-car?" he enquired. He was informed that it was certainly an apparatus for the consumption of petrol.

"Then I commandeer it for the Imperial service," said the officer.

When the Government takes over a motor-car on the hire-purchase system it makes no bones about it, and in a minute or two a cloud of dust in the distance, and a scribbled receipt, was all that served to remind the late owner of her No. 10 Snorthard car.

Once again the girl turned to Jerry for aid and advice. "Whatever shall we do now?" she said.

"We must pad the hoof," he replied cheerfully.

And so they padded off in the gloaming through the quiet lanes—a pair of romantic figures, in spite of his unconventional attire. They were alone, but far from lonely.

ARTHUR LING.

IN STAGELAND.

The performances of "Forget-Me-Not" at the Little ought not, perhaps, to be harshly criticised, having regard to the admirable cause for which they are being given. The fact remains that fullest justice has not been done to Herman Merivale's familiar old play—rather unwisely expanded from three to four acts—either in the matter of its presentation or its performance. Miss Miriam Lewes, Mr. Ben Webster, and Mr. Neilson-Terry may be singled out for honourable mention, but it must be owned that none of them brings sufficient strength to what should be a moving interpretation. Oh for an hour of Genevieve Ward and W. H. Vernon in "Forget-Me-Not" as one remembers them!

* * *

Our Russian allies are very much to the fore at the Coliseum nowadays, and Mr. Alexis Kosloff, Mr. Mendelevitch, Mdlle. Baldina, and company, could scarcely have found a fitter outlet for their talents and energy than in the ballet "Fleurs d'Orange." The dancing of the two principals is simply gorgeous, while Mr. Mendelevitch's violin-playing also, to employ a hackneyed phrase, "brought the house down." Of the somewhat gruesome "plot" or argument of this brilliant ballet, suffice it to say that it is concerned with a bride who poisons her former lover at the moment when she is about to marry someone else. The bridegroom thereupon compels the wretched woman to sit down beside the murdered man and kiss his dead lips. A real tragedy, by the way, was averted on the first night by the commendable presence of mind of Mr. Kosloff in crushing out the flames which threatened to envelop Mdlle. Baldina's wig by the proximity of a candelabra.

* * *

Chatting to Mr. John Hart, who controls no less than nine of our biggest provincial theatres, he told me with pardonable pride that he has not so far had to "dock" one of his employees of a shilling of salary, though he gives regular employment to upwards of a thousand people. "I believe I am right in saying," added Mr. Hart, "that Messrs. Howard and Wyndham are the only other 'big' firm of provincial theatre managers who have so far weathered the crisis to this extent. But, my goodness! how we all are feeling it, actors and managers alike. I know of one instance in which a successful and brilliantly clever actor, whose normal weekly salary is £26, is glad to accept a fiver a week."

* * *

Mr. Hart is also a director of the Shaftesbury Theatre, where "The Cinema Star" has suddenly finished after a prosperous run, and is now embarked upon a nine weeks' tour of the provinces. Long may it twinkle!

* * *

Louis N. Parker, having successfully launched his "King Hal," has gone off to New York to superintend rehearsals of his "David Copperfield" version, but will return in time for its postponed production at His Majesty's. In America this drama is being given with a partially English cast, particularly with regard to several characters that would come out oddly if interpreted with a Yankee accent,—what!

* * *

At the Haymarket, so Mr. Harrison informs me, everybody is on half-salary "down to the call-boy," this applying both to the artists, the stage staff, and the front-of-the-house staff. Such being the case, I am happy to say that "The Impossible Woman" appears really to have "caught on." The piece is playing to satisfactory business at the reduced prices now in vogue, and is paying its way.

* * *

Miss Mary Moore is hopeful that she has found a winner in Wilfred Colcby's "Sir Richard's Biography." It is of happy augury, too, as Miss Moore remarked to me, that her old home, the Cri., should be the scene of this coming production. The cast is essentially a "star" one, with herself, Eric Lewis, Sam Sothern, Marie Hemingway and Enid Bell.

* * *

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson is the latest to strike the patriotic note—at the Victoria Palace, where Miss Quetta Maude is interpreting a "Joan of Arc" scena specially written by him. The Monsignor is the most versatile of writers, and I shan't be surprised to see a full-blown play from his pen.

PRO PATRIA.

The patriotism of the Press is being manifested in many ways. Current literature is covered and crowned with a glory which glitters and scintillates like a kinema picture. The efforts for King and country are creditable to the hearts (and heads) of editors and proprietors who have unsheathed the printing machine and chucked away the scabbard. The simile is perhaps a little out of the proper angle, but this is scarcely the time for a rigid adherence to the isosceles, the parallelogram, or even the parallelopiped. Here are one or two samples taken haphazard from an Ossa-upon-Pelion of preciousness. Let the Press speak for itself. It will do so whether you let it or not.

"THE DAILY REGISTER."

Our readers will learn with satisfaction that we have secured the exclusive services of the most inspired poets of the age. The country calls for soldiers, and we can conceive no better plan for obtaining them than by the incessant production of ballads that bang and bash until men flee from the haunting strains to the comparative peace of the firing line. In this direction we place the whole of our resources at the disposal of the Government, asking from the public no reward other than an acknowledgment that the "Daily Register" is mindful of its duty, and that it is distinctly refreshing and stimulating without the addition of boiling milk.

"THE EVENING MESSENGER."

Order at once from your newsagent to-morrow's issue of the "E.M.", in which will be found the first instalment of a new and brilliant serial, which is far and away superior to the absolutely unimprovable, unbeatable stories which have hitherto ornamented our columns. Words fail to convey anything like an adequate idea of its enthralling interest. Suffice it to say that our readers are not likely to ever light upon its equal until its successor appears. Its publication is opportune. Now would people fain forget the fright of war, and that "Bob Bleriot, P.C." will furnish forth a surcease of sorrow is the opinion of his Majesty and Lord Kitchener. It is in the confidence that such beneficial influence will result, and that the transcendent genius of Matthew Ballingham, the author, should shine in all its fullness, that we give the story to our readers—to, in fact, the world.

"BRITAIN'S BULWARK."

"Wellesley's War-whoop," being our great speech delivered to hundreds and thousands of listeners who could not get within twenty miles of the platform, can be had in pamphlet form, price one penny. Further, we announce that, with a determination to do our level best when the country is up against the stiffest of propositions, we shall, so long as the war lasts, allocate five per cent. of the profits accruing from our coupon competitions to the fund we have inaugurated for the relief of widows and orphans of those who have sought to poemise, and have perished in the attempt. There are no flies on us—we do not run our journal on rule-of-thumb antiquated principles. We are alive, alive! Business as usual—only more so.

HAL VICKB.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Father: Henry, don't you think it is time for you to be doing your share of the world's work?

Henry: I suppose it is, dad. If you'll make over to me what you consider to be my share of the world's surface, I'll work it for all it's worth.

* * *

Mother: I understand Mr. Huggard is to call upon you again this evening.

Ethel: Of course, mamma; we're engaged.

Mother: What? Didn't I tell you not to give that young man any encouragement at all?

Ethel: Yes, mamma; but he didn't need any encouragement.

* * *

LAWYER KNEW BETTER.

Tom Ochiltree, having been hurt in a railway accident, brought suit for damages. Walking with the aid of crutches some months afterward he met a friend, who inquired:

"Can't you get along without crutches, Tom?"

"The doctor says I can," said Ochiltree, "but my lawyer says I can't."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

Little Miss Muffett, stood by her tuffet,
And said with a sorrowful frown:
"The styles, I have reason to think, will next season
Allow me again to sit down."—*Puck.*

* * *

Mrs. Wayupp: "Few men marry their first love.'
Mrs. Blaze: "And fewer marry their last."—*Judge.*

THE COLOUR LINE.

Glwadys: "What makes your nose so red, pa?"

Old Sport: "That is a sign that I am in the pink of condition, my dear."

Sydney Bulletin.

"COST SIXPENCE—WORTH POUNDS."

"SWANK!" by a YANK.

Being the Inner Mystery of the Art of Kidding as now set forth for the First Time in the King's English. Written by one Who has Made it his Special Study, Who has found it Pay where Ordinary Brains Failed to impress, and Who now Wishes to Impart his knowledge to the Great Army of Incompetents all over the World.

96 pages, crown 8vo.

Price 6d. net. Post free 7d.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By **Rev. A. J. WALDRON**, *Vicar of Brixton.*

CONTENTS: Introductory—The Tragedy of Telling—The Marriage Question—The White Slave Traffic and Flogging—Other Problems of Telling—Man and Woman—The Religious Aspect of the Women's Question—Some Heterodox Suggestions—Sex—Woman: Her Past, Present and Future—A Crying Scandal—The Celibate Woman—Woman in the Depths—The Woman Who Tells—Courtship—Husbands and Wives.

96 pages, crown 8vo.

Price 6d. net. Post free 7d.

"WHY SOME SUCCEED AND OTHERS FAIL!"

Advice to those Born in any Month.

(Twelve separate Books—January to December).

Price 1d. each. By post 1½d.

GRAMMAR AT A GLANCE.

"HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE CORRECTLY."

INVALUABLE TO EVERYONE. COMMON ERRORS. THE WAY TO PUNCTUATE.

Price 1d. Post free 1½d.

"HOW TO BECOME A FLUENT SPEAKER."

The Magnet of the Commercial World

is the **Man** who knows how to address the individual or the multitude; the **Man** who can hold an audience spellbound by his forceful eloquence. To acquire this art you should

READ, MARK, LEARN, & INWARDLY DIGEST THE ABOVE WORK

CONTENTS.

To Beginners—Definitions. If You Read, Have Your Speech Typewritten—Quotations and Illustrations—Wedding Breakfasts—Master Your Subject—Read Both Sides—Stick to the Main Issue—Sincerity—What Your Audience Don't Know—The Choice of Words—Use Short Sentences—Measure Your Hall and Your Audience—In Controversy Try to Disarm Your Opponents—Be Sparing of Humour—Abusive Language Should be Carefully Avoided—Command Your Temper—Articulation or Distinct Utterance—Time Stealers—On Posture—Gracefulness in Gesture—The First Person Singular—Emphasis and Repetition—Think on Your Legs—Pauses and Interrogations—When to Leave Off—The Right of Free Speech—To the Ladies—General Remarks.

Price 1d. Post free 1½d.

PUBLICATIONS DEPT.

20, MILFORD LANE, LONDON, W.C.

G. R.

TO ALL EX-N.C.O.'s

Ex-Non-Commissioned Officers of any branch of His Majesty's forces are required for the duration of the War, their assistance in training the new Army being urgently needed.

PARTICULARS.

Promotion to non-commissioned rank immediately after enlistment. Age no obstacle so long as competent. No liability for service abroad if over 45, or in special cases 40. Pensioners may draw their pensions in addition to pay of rank at Army rates.

Apply for information or enlistment at any recruiting office, or ask O.C. Depot to re-enlist you in your old Corps.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Printed and Published by MODERN LIFE, LIMITED, 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Annual Subscription, 6s. 6d., to be sent to MODERN LIFE, Subscription Department, 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon and Gotch. Agents for the Continent: Messageries Hachette et Cie, Paris.